

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1876.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—FIRST SATURDAY CONCERT

and AFTERNOON PROMENADE, THIS DAY, at Three o'clock. The Programme will include: Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor" (W. Sterndale Bennett) (first time); Pianoforte Concerto, in F sharp (Broustard) (first time); Symphony in A, No. 7 (Beethoven); Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2, for Piano (Liszt) (first time); Intermezzo and Carnaval, Morceaux d'Orchestre (Guiraud) (first time). Vocalists—M^{me} Sinico-Campobello, Sig. Campobello. Solo Pianoforte—Mr Fritz Hartvigson. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANN. Transferable Stalls for the Twenty-five Concerts, Two Guineas; numbered Stall for a Single Concert, Half-a-Crown. Admission to Palace, One Shilling, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.—PROMENADE

CONCERTS (under the Direction of Messrs A. & S. GATTI).—Every Evening at Eight o'clock. Artists—M^{lle} Bianchi (Prima Donna of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden), M^{me} Louisa Pyne (M^{me} Bodda-Pyne); Signori De Bassini (Primo Tenore, from Italy) and Medici (Primo Baritone of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden); Herr Wilhelmj, the celebrated Violinist. Principal Instrumentalists: Cornet & Pistons—Mr Howard Reynolds. Clarionet—Mr Lazarus. Flute—Mr Svendsen. Ophicleide—Mr Hughes. Violin—Mr A. Burnett (Leader), Viotti Collins, &c., &c.

Magnificent Band of 100 Performers, embracing the élite of the musical profession. Band of the Coldstream Guards (F. Godfrey), &c.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—CONDUCTOR—SIGNOR ARDITI.

Every Evening.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—M^{DLLE} BIANCHI, Prima

Donna of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. Every Evening.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—MADAME LOUISA PYNE.

Every Evening.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—SIGNOR DE BASSINI

(from the principal theatres of Italy). Every Evening.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—SIGNOR MEDICA, Primo

Baritone of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. Every Evening.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—HERR WILHELMJ, the

celebrated Violinist. Every Evening.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—HERR WILHELMJ will

perform Solos on the Violin Each Evening during the week.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The ORCHESTRA will

perform during the week Symphonies, Overtures, Selections from the most popular Operas of the day, Entr'actes, Dance Music, &c.

GRAND WAGNER NIGHT, WEDNESDAY next.—The

Directors have very great pleasure in stating that, on this occasion, they are enabled, through the exertions of their esteemed Conductor, Signor ARDITI, to offer to the public (for the first time in England) the Grand Funeral March on the Death of Siegfried ("Trauermarsch beim Tode"), from the "Götterdämmerung" portion of Wagner's latest Opera, "Nibelungen," with all its imposing effects, and which recently produced such a profound sensation at Bayreuth.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—M^{DME} BLANCHE COLE

will make her First Appearance this Season on Monday, October 9.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Next ENGLISH BALLAD

NIGHT, THURSDAY, October 12, when, in addition to Signori De Bassini and Medici, M^{lle} Bianchi, M^{me} Blanche Cole, Mr Maybrick, and other Artists of eminence, will appear.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Superb Decorations by

Dayes & Caney, *à propos* of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' visit to India. Splendid Fountains, Ferneries, &c., by Dick Radclyffe & Co. Deliciously cool. Box Office open daily from Ten till Five. Promenade and 2,000 Seats, One Shilling. Manager—Mr J. RUSSELL.

APARTMENTS, FURNISHED.—Sitting-room, two bedrooms, and kitchen, 18s. a week; also a bedroom and use of sitting-room and piano. 35, Holland Street, Brixton Road.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

SATURDAY, September 30, "LILY OF KILLARNEY;"

Monday, October 2, "GIRALDA;" Tuesday, 3, "FLYING DUTCHMAN;" Wednesday, 4, "LILY OF KILLARNEY;" Thursday, 5, "BOHEMIAN GIRL;" Friday, 6, "FLYING DUTCHMAN;" Saturday, 7, "WATER CARRIER."

Box Office open from Ten till Five. No Booking Fees. Seats may also be secured at the Libraries, &c.

Doors open at Half-past Seven; commence at Eight o'clock.

MR EDWARD LLOYD'S CONCERT TOUR.—Artists—

M^{me} Edith Wynne, M^{me} Antoinette Sterling, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr Lewis Thomas. Violoncello—Mr Charles Ould. Solo Pianist and Accompanist—Mr Lindsay Sloper. Arrangements for the ensuing week: Monday, Rochester; Tuesday, Norwich; Wednesday, Lincoln; Thursday, Stourbridge; Friday, Warrington; Saturday, Whitechurch. Communications to be addressed to Mr N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street, W.

BRIGHTON.—MR KUHE'S FIRST PIANOFORTE RE-

CITAL, WEDNESDAY Morning, October 4. Mr Kuhe will play Beethoven's Sonata, E flat, for pianoforte and violin (Mr Carrodus); Schumann's Carnival, G minor; Rubinstein's Barcarolle, G major; Raff's Caprice de Concert; and Mendelssohn's Quartet in B minor, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, with M^M. Carrodus, A. Burnett, and H. Chipp. Vocalist—Mr Shakespeare. Particulars at Messrs POTTS, 167, North Street.

LANGHAM HALL, GREAT PORTLAND STREET.—HERR

HERMANN FRANKE has the honour to announce that he will give FOUR CHAMBER-MUSIC CONCERTS, on TUESDAY Evening, October 31; TUESDAY Evening, November 7; TUESDAY Evening, November 14; and TUESDAY Evening, November 21. To commence at Eight o'clock. The Programmes chiefly consist of New Compositions. Pianists—Miss Richards, Herr Oscar Beringer, and Mr Walter Beche. Violin primo—Herr Franke. Violin secondo—Herr Jung. Viola—Herr Hollander. Violoncello—Herr Daubert; and other distinguished Artists, who will be announced in future Programmes. Conductor—Herr SAMSON. Subscription, One Guinea. Single tickets, 6s. each; balcony, 2s. 6d. and One Shilling. Tickets may be obtained of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 54, New Bond Street; and the principal Musiciansellers.

GRAND OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, LEICESTER.—

M^{DLLE} CARINA CLELLAND, Prima Donna Soprano. "Decided success as Amina in 'La Sonnambula' at the Alexandra Palace."—*The Hornet*, Sept. 22, 1875. "In her acting displays intelligence and animation."—*Ev'g*, Sept. 18, 1875. "Great intelligence; pretty, sympathetic voice."—*Figaro*, Sept. 22, 1875. "The part of the heroine (Mariana) was taken by Miss Carina Clelland, who proved herself fully as accomplished as in 'Der Freischütz,' and strikingly displayed her great powers as an actress."—*Leicester Chronicle*, Sept. 23, 1875. Permanent Address—35, Charteris Road, Finsbury Park, N.

ROYAL AQUARIUM SUMMER AND WINTER GARDEN

will open to the Public Daily at Twelve o'clock. Fellows and Life Members admitted at Eleven.

Concerts, Vocal and Instrumental, every Afternoon and Evening. Permanent Band of the Royal Aquarium. Director of the Music and Conductor—Mr GEORGE MOUNT.

Admission to the Royal Aquarium, One Shilling every day (except Thursday). Thursday, Half-a-crown, (after 6 p.m. One Shilling), on which day Special Vocal and Instrumental Concerts, both Afternoon and Evening.

Admission (including Return Ticket from any Station on the District Railway) One Shilling. Doors open from Noon till Eleven every day.

MRS OSGOOD begs to request that all communications

respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorio and Miscellaneous Concerts be addressed to 9, St Luke's Road, Westbourne Park, W.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT will play at the Grand

Aquarium, Brighton, on Wednesday Afternoon, October 4, "HOME, SWEET HOME" by THALBERG; and DEHLER'S Grand Fantasia on "GUILLAUME TELL."—38, Oakley Square, N.W.

"THE PAGE'S SONG."

M^{DLLE} BIANCHI will sing the new and admired Song, "THE PAGE'S SONG," composed by Signor ARDITI, at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden Theatre, during the ensuing week.

CARL ROSA'S OPERA COMPANY.

The genuine success achieved by Mr Carl Rosa last autumn at the Princess's Theatre has encouraged him to make another venture in the same direction. If he cannot boast, in emulation of Herr Richard Wagner, of having invented a new art, he may with strict propriety insist on his endeavours to revive an old one. Opera in English, since the days of Pyne and Harrison, if not absolutely dead, has been in such a condition of lethargy that the difference was hardly apparent. To awaken it into new life was a task for the accomplishment of which ability and resolute will were equally indispensable. In Mr Rosa these qualities were found united, and added to them the scarcely less valuable requirement of experience. What this enthusiastic German musician contrived to do in furtherance of his enterprise a twelvemonth since is sufficiently well remembered. He won the approving ear of the London public, and won it by legitimate means. That some of his staunchest upholders would have liked him all the better had it suited his plans to adhere more closely to English Opera, according to the literal signification of the term, by adopting the Paris Opéra-Comique as a model, is unquestionable; but that "Opera in English" is preferable to no English opera at all, few will deny. The return of the "Rosa Opera Company" is, therefore, welcome to amateurs and professors, not only for what it has already done, but for what it is expected to do.

Mr Rosa showed judgment in beginning his new season with the English version of Cherubini's *Deux Journées*, which, under the title of the *Water Carrier*, was so favourably received last year. The comic masterpiece of the great Florentine composer demands imperatively an efficient orchestra and an efficient chorus (of men's voices especially); and both these essentials are amply provided for at the Lyceum Theatre. Thus the overture and the choruses of soldiers, so characteristic a feature of the second act, are given with due effect, and create a proportionate degree of interest. The orchestra, indeed, which includes in its ranks many of our most skilled instrumentalists, headed by Mr Carrodus as leading violin, and conducted by Mr Rosa himself, trained in all the requisites for the adequate fulfilment of duties connected with so responsible a post, is alone an attraction. But one fault can be laid to its charge—a certain leaning towards excess of emphasis in accompaniment. The accompaniments of Cherubini, for example, are of such delicate and ingenious texture that the utmost refinement is demanded for their appropriate execution. Nor should the acoustic properties of the Lyceum, which—not to speak of its inferior dimensions—has by no means the resonance of Covent Garden or Drury Lane, be overlooked. In other respects we have nothing but praise for this highly competent body of players. The cast of the *dramatis personæ* in the *Water Carrier* is generally effective, the principal singers having, in the majority of instances, parts suited alike to their voices and capacities. It is open to doubt whether the music assigned to Micheli, the Savoyard hero, could ever have been given with more significant expression, more admirable point, and vocal fluency than by Mr Santley since the "8th Nivose, An. 8" (January 16, 1800), when, under Cherubini's own supervision, *Les Deux Journées* was first produced at the Théâtre Feydeau, and "Citoyen Juliet" played the character—the opera with its representatives, being extolled beyond measure by contemporary critics. Regarded from another point of view, Micheli is one of Mr Santley's most carefully considered and well sustained efforts as an actor. Mdle Torriani is a graceful Constance, and Miss Gaylord, one of the promising young artists of the company, a lively Marcelina, both ladies taking commendable pains with the music set down for them. Miss L. Graham, too, another young artist, looks the bride, Angelina, very prettily; while her bridegroom, Antonio (Micheli's son), in the hands of that versatile comedian, Mr Charles Lyall, becomes one of the most agreeably conspicuous personages of the drama. A marked peculiarity of this gentleman's vocal declamation, by the way, is that every word and syllable he enunciates is distinctly intelligible, which pre-supposes a method of study not quite so universally cultivated as might be wished. Mr Nordblom, the tenor, though somewhat overweighted in the part of Count Armand, does his utmost with it, and that conscientiously. Mr F. H. Celli is an imposing Commandant, and Mr Aynsley Cook presents a natural picture of old Daniel, Micheli's father and Antonio's grandsire. On the whole, therefore, the *ensemble* is excellent; and if the aim of Mr Rosa be to obtain a generally good performance rather than

to depend upon the impression likely to be created by special members of his company, after the system of "ma femme et quelques poupées," he may point triumphantly to the *Water Carrier* as an exemplification of his adopted plan. Cherubini's opera was the great attraction towards the end of his last season, and is likely to prove at least one of the great attractions during the whole of the season which has now so successfully begun. Beethoven, Weber, Spohr, and Mendelssohn (Beethoven for good reason) all extolled the dramatic music of Cherubini, and the artistic world could scarcely do otherwise than agree with such unimpeachable authorities.

Among the adaptations of foreign operas we should hardly have looked for *Giralda*, an ephemeral work by a French musician whose compositions have, for the most part, seen their day. Adolphe Adam seldom wrote anything that he expected to survive, and *Giralda* is by no means an exception to the rule. The book, furnished by Scribe just after Adam's disastrous failure as director of the Opéra-Nationale (1847-8), is one of the most extravagantly impossible, while at the same time, it must be allowed, most diverting, ever invented by the multifarious and untiring librettist. Auber, Scribe's colleague of long years' standing, would on no account have consented to set it to music. Nevertheless, it was acceptable to Adam, and, indeed, perfectly suited to his genius, which, despite the graceful prettiness of much of his ballet music (*Giselle*, to wit), was essentially "bouffe." The score was completed with his usual rapidity—for Adam always wrote *currente calamo*: and, after some delays and impediments, the work was produced at the Opéra-Comique, Mdle Miolan (afterwards Mdme Carvalho) being the heroine—a fact which may account for certain roudades introduced here and there with no apparent significance, Mdle Miolan being, at that period of her career, more esteemed for facility in the execution of "passages of agility" than for any other especial quality. It would be covering space to little purpose were we to enter upon a detailed account of the plot of *Giralda*; nor is it called for, seeing that on various occasions it has been used as a vehicle for farce at our London and provincial theatres, and, though a King and Queen of Spain, together with other persons of distinction, are mixed up in the plot, broad farce results, and nothing else. It is simply a marriage in the dark. Gines Peres, a miller, is affianced to Giralda, daughter of a well-to-do farmer; but neither cares a straw for the other. Giralda's affections are pledged to a stranger, whose face she has never seen, but who has saved her from robbers in a wood through which she is nightly compelled to pass in order to dispose of farm produce at the nearest market place; while Gines is only anxious about a dowry falling to him at the marriage. A bribe from the stranger—Don Manuel, a nobleman out of grace at Court—induces Gines to change places with him; and as the marriage is to be solemnised at night, in a dark cell of the church, the hat and cloak of the miller are alone required for the ceremony. Further solid arguments persuade Gines temporarily to yield up his mill for the accommodation of the newly wedded couple; and here the embroglio occurs which forms the mainstay of the piece, and is the most amusing part of it. The King (or rather King Consort, for he is only *de facto* Prince of Arragon), a sort of Don Giovanni, of whom his august partner, the Queen of Spain, is excessively jealous; Don Japhet, nobleman in attendance on the Queen, also in some sort confidant of her husband; Gines; Don Manuel; and the Queen herself, are all concerned. The chamber in the mill, like the cell in the church, is darkened; and the fun arises from Giralda not knowing to whom she is married; Gines, who has conducted her home, and hidden away Don Manuel, not knowing to whom he has sold his intended wife; the King being frustrated in his designs upon Giralda; Don Japhet, suspected by his royal master, finding himself in an uncomfortable position; the Queen, at first suspicious, being consoled eventually with the belief that Don Japhet is the real husband; and the concealed Don Manuel anxiously watching all that goes on. How the King and Queen happen to come to the mill of Gines Peres let Scribe himself explain. Into details, as we have said, it is needless to enter; and it must suffice to add that in the third and final act everything is accounted for; the King has got out of a scrape, Don Japhet out of another; Don Manuel is taken back into favour, and his union with Giralda, who (as a matter of etiquette) turns out to be of noble birth, is approved; the Queen's jealousy is appeased; and Gines Peres, possessor, not only of the dowry, but of several

bribes as well, can be happy without Giralda. The music of Adolphe Adam is always fluent and sparkling, full of tune, which, if seldom original, is often so catching and pretty that it might easily pass for such, well written both for voices and orchestra, and, while never exciting, scarcely ever dull. Thus it is calculated to please many; and, as Johnson somewhere urges, plausibly enough, "that which pleases many must have merit." Adolphe Adam has been styled "Auber le Petit;" but even to be a lesser Auber carries with it some kind of distinction. The opera is performed at the Lyceum with genuine spirit, the leading characters being more or less well supported by Mdlle Ida Corani (Giralda), Miss Josephine York (the Queen), Messrs Celli (the King), Aynsley Cook (Don Japhet), Nordblom (Don Manuel), and Charles Lyall (Gines Peres). Mdlle Corani's fluent vocalisation is precisely suited to the roudades intended for the original Giralda in Paris; and this is favourably exemplified by a duet with Don Manuel in the second act and a *cavatina* in the third, encores being demanded and accepted in both cases. Mr Lyall's Gines is another of those humorous impersonations for which he is obtaining higher and higher credit. The chorus and orchestra, under the direction of Mr Rosa, are all that could be desired—a result not difficult to achieve with such easy-going music as that of Adolphe Adam. On the whole, a real success may fairly be predicted for *Giralda*, at all events, during the current season. Mr Rosa has also produced English versions of *Faust* and the *Sonnambula*, besides Sir Julius Benedict's *Lily of Killarney*, with certain modifications in the last act, to which we may take another opportunity of referring. The opera on Saturday night was the perennial *Bohemian Girl*.

THE ORGAN AT THE BAYREUTH FESTIVAL.

The following is the specification of the two-manual organ manufactured by special order of Richard Wagner, by the firm of J. Estey & Co., of Brattleboro, Vt., for the Bayreuth Festival:—

GREAT ORGAN (9 stops).—Diapason, 8 feet tone, clear and strong, 32 reeds; melodia, 8 feet tone, clear and strong, 29; tuba-mirabilis, 8 feet tone, very full, bold, horn-like, 32; ophicleide, 8 feet tone, very full, bold, horn-like, 29; Cremona, 8 feet tone, very mellow and soft, 29; clarionet, 16 feet tone, fine imitation, 32; bourdon, 16 feet tone, deep, rich, and round, 29; principal, 4 feet tone, brilliant, penetrating, 32; wald-flute, 2 feet tone, very brilliant, 32. Total, 276 reeds.

SWELL ORGAN (6 stops).—Dulciana, 8 feet tone, very sweet and clear, 32 reeds; gamba, 8 feet tone, 29; delicante, 8 feet tone, imitative violin, plaintive, 32; flute, 4 feet tone, imitative, clear, brilliant, 32; viola, 4 feet tone, 29; violetta, 4 feet tone, softest stop in organ, and a very fine and beautiful accompaniment, 29. Total, 183 reeds.

PEDAL ORGAN (2 stops).—Bourdon pedals, 16 feet, powerful, grand, 29 reeds; sub-bourdon pedals—these reeds are the longest ever made, and cut with a machine expressly built for the purpose, from brass one-eighth of an inch thick—32 feet, deep, pervading, 29 reeds. Total, 58 reeds.

ACCESSORY STOPS, MOVEMENTS, &c.—Vox humana; forte; manual coupler, swell to great; pedal coupler, pedal to great; grand organ, draws full organ; foot swell; knee swell.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programmes of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 28th:—

Organ Sonata—(No 5, D major)	Mendelssohn.
Chorus—"La Carità"	Rossini.
Variations on a Chorale	Bach.
Caprice—"La Danse des Fées"	Parish Alcares.
Fugue (G major)	J. L. Krebs.
Marche Nuptiale	Gounod.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 30th:—

Overture to the "Occasional" Oratorio	Handel.
Andantino (E major, Op. 164)	F. Schubert.
Prelude and Fugue (B flat major)	Bach.
Tema con Variazioni (F major)	W. T. Best.
Andante from an Organ Sonata	E. Prout.
Triumphal March—(<i>Sardanapalus</i>)	J. L. Hatton.

PAID AMATEUR ORGANISTS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In these times, when we are threatened with the extinction of an important branch of musical art, viz., that of organ-playing—which Bach, Handel, and Mendelssohn have rendered famous by their works—it appears right to protest against a state of things, in which it is quite feasible for any young man to be appointed as church organist if he have a little spare time in the evening, a slight acquaintance with the last hymn-tune book, a dozen chants of each species, and an easy anthem or two; all of which goods, we know, are now to be had for a mere song, if bought in octavo. As for the old *chorales*, on which Bach founded many notable organ works, they are represented in the present day by competing collections of mediocre and maudlin part-songs, regarding which it is difficult, in many cases, to determine whether the words or music offer most ground for unfavourable comment. The fine old models of English psalmody which we possess are either totally ignored, or sung at such an absurd speed as to defy recognition; while organ-playing, or any artistic use of the instrument during service, has been almost eliminated, for reasons not difficult to discover.

The employers of ill-paid clerks, in the City and elsewhere, must be hugely pleased to know that so many of their young men are partial to the respectable habit of attending church on Sunday—on condition of being regularly paid for it. There is, however, an aspect in which this increasing desire to play the church organ on Sundays ought to be viewed. Clerks, and amateurs of every condition, are hardly born playing the organ or any other instrument. Whether they like it or not, they must resort to the professional organist and musician; the man of lessons—whose actual occupation, we have been impudently told in certain quarters, should constitute a bar to his own ability and advancement! Organists must be a far-seeing class to impart instruction, on any terms, to impecunious clerks, whose avowed purpose is to take the bread out of their mouths, as well as abuse and depreciate their teachers.

Again, are not the clergy somewhat one-sided in bestowing organ appointments upon a particular species of quack? Why should those who wield a pen from Monday till Saturday have all the cakes? There are scores of young men in Tag-Rag and Company's establishments, east and west of St Paul's, who have a deal of leisure after sun-down—a serious turn of mind, as well as a longing to "strengthen their hands," as parsons say when they beg other people's money. Sir, let us have music by the yard! Does not a well-known compiler supply a copious number of Long Measures in his recent museum of tunes, and express his gratitude for being other than a church organist? Would that I could scent the sacred odour from that being's present state of chrysalis—by proxy! Seriously, as we appear to be committed to Messrs Coupon's clerk in the organ-loft, would it not be common prudence to have some sort of assurance that he really had a better knack of "accompanying the service" (heaven save the mark!) than his congener, Gammon and Co.'s active young man, over the way? Will these gentry institute a competitive examination in their little poaching affrays? As it is, they merely undersell each other, and cast ridicule upon an artistic and time-honoured pursuit. Cobblers have received advice before now.

I ought not to conclude without saying that the Roman Catholic Church is honourably distinguished by not tolerating this mischievous pest of paying for the services of unqualified men at the organ; but, then, "accompanying" the artistic music of that Church would be found a different matter to serving up the miserable twaddle, issued invariably in octavo, which now is supposed to pass muster as ecclesiastical music.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

September 19th.

AN ORGANIST, *extra muros*.

PETERHOFF.—A musical and literary entertainment was recently given in the palace of the Czar, for the benefit of the Servians. The price of admission was 100 francs, and no change was given to persons tendering bank notes for more than that amount. The receipts reached the respectable sum of 80,000 francs.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Times.")

Sept. 16.

The concert of chamber music which, last night, brought the Festival to an end, although the members of the Three Choirs had virtually nothing to do with it, was a genuine artistic entertainment. The programme, allowing for the absence of any instrumental solo, would not have been repudiated by Mr Arthur Chappell, and, indeed, followed closely the pattern to which that active director has with wise discrimination persisted in adhering. More strictly representative productions of Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and Mozart than the Ottet in E flat, an example of inventive precocity almost without precedent, and the quartets in C minor and A, the finished workmanship of genius already matured, could not have been chosen. The six quartets dedicated by Mozart to Haydn and the six which, many years afterwards, were inscribed by Beethoven to Prince Lobkowitz, Duke of Raudnitz, have often been compared with each other, and not unreasonably, when it is borne in mind that the two musicians were much of an age while engaged in composing them, and that Beethoven had by no means thrown off the influence of the elder master, so apparent in most of his earlier efforts. The quartets in many respects wear a family resemblance too evident to escape detection, and this endows them with the greater interest. From a leader like M. Sainton, existing chief of that great school of violin playing which owes its origin to "L'illustre Baillot," and such practised coadjutors as Messrs Ralph, R. Blagrove, and Pettit, for second violin, viola, and violoncello, a spirited and intelligent reading of the quartets might have been anticipated; while the Ottet, in which the same artists were joined by associates no less competent than Messrs Rendle and J. H. Reed (violins), W. H. Hann (viola), and Aylward (violoncello), was presented under equally favourable auspices. It must be added, to the credit of Hereford connoisseurs, that these admirable specimens of "abstract music"—music which, *pace* Richard Wagner, can never lose its attraction for those who, as professors or as amateurs, have made the art a study, or fail, when adequately interpreted, to exercise a certain charm even on uncultivated hearers prepared to enjoy without being able to explain—were listened to with attention as earnest, and movement after movement applauded with as much enthusiasm, as if the arena of performance had been St James's Hall and the occasion a Monday Popular Concert. The vocal selection, too, was marked by similar judgment; and if, as we understand, Mr Townshend Smith, organist of the Cathedral and conductor of the Festival, is answerable for the programme, he may be congratulated on his good taste. The singers were Mme Edith Wynne, Miss B. Griffith, and Mr W. H. Cummings, who among them introduced five pieces, to which the names of Mozart, Purcell, Balfe, Sterndale Bennett, and Gounod were respectively attached. While all served in a greater or lesser degree to exhibit advantageously the qualities of the vocalists, and thus to please the audience, special honour was paid to the contributions of Purcell and Bennett. These were an air from the *Indian Queen* (Dryden and Sir R. Howard), for which Purcell wrote music nearly thirty years after its production as a play, and "May Dew," one of the most fresh and charming of the first published series of songs, which showed that Bennett could write for the voice with just as much grace and fluency as for piano-forte or orchestra. The former (encored) was assigned to Mr Cummings, the latter to Mme Edith Wynne, accompanied on the piano by Mr Townshend Smith.

The success predicted for this 153rd meeting of the Three Choirs seems to have been fully realised. The regretted absence of Mr Sims Reeves, to the unavoidable nature of which the stewards in their vote of thanks for the extra services of Mr Cummings, Mdlle Tietjens, and Mme Trebelli bore direct testimony—and, indeed, in the circumstances they could hardly have done otherwise—was unquestionably a serious disappointment to all who appreciate the merits of our greatest singer in oratorio; but, owing to the cheerful readiness with which the English tenor, the German soprano, and the French contralto did everything required of them to atone for the loss, thus affording a proof of "bonne camaraderie" not to be over-estimated, all went off satisfactorily, and the artistic repute of Hereford was maintained. The financial balance will very shortly be published in detail; and this, there is cause to believe, will be such as to satisfy the stewards and encourage the indefatigable Mr Townshend Smith in reckoning upon a no less formidable array of names for the Festival of 1879. The help and countenance afforded by the corporations of the three cities, which, for the first time in the history of the Festivals, combined in a demonstration the significance of which could not be misunderstood, also rendered incalculable service. How this acted upon the fortunes of the opening day, when, in semi-state, they attended not only early worship, but the oratorio afterwards, may be gathered from the

amount collected for the charity, an amount unexampled on any similar occasion. With this, it need scarcely be said, the impressive sermon delivered by the Bishop of Hereford—and, it is but fair to add, the admirable discourse of Dr Jebb, after ordinary service in the Cathedral, on the Sunday preceding the Festival—had no little to do. The general reader, however, will feel most interest in that which immediately relates to the widows and orphans of necessitous clergymen, to the fund in aid of whom the Three Choirs meetings have for a lengthened period so largely contributed. Let us compare the results as they stand already with those of the Festival three years since, at precisely the same period (our authority is the *Hereford Times*):—

1873.			1876.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Tuesday morning	...	62 8 0	Tuesday, early service	...	91 17 7
" noon	...	117 8 5	" <i>Elijah</i>	...	426 19 4
Wednesday morning	...	5 7 5	" evening service	...	25 12 1
" evening	...	190 7 0	Wednesday, early service	...	5 9 4
Thursday morning	...	5 0 0	" <i>Last Judgment</i>	...	120 9 10
" noon	...	215 0 5	Thursday, early service	...	6 4 1
Friday morning	...	3 14 9	" <i>Raising of Lazarus</i>	...	61 14 8
" noon	...	273 18 11	Friday, early service	...	5 4 0
			" <i>Messiah</i>	...	406 9 7
Total	...	£873 4 11	Total	...	£1,150 0 6

The above shows a difference of £276 15s. 7d. in favour of the meeting just terminated. Further donations are, as usual, expected; and if, as the *Hereford Journal* informs us, the balance of receipts and expenditure leaves a considerable surplus in hand, that surplus also, according to custom, will be added to the Fund. Thus, while the collection may not eventually equal what was so liberally subscribed by the dissentients last year in Worcester, which the Bishop of Hereford reminded the congregation for whose assistance he so eloquently pleaded on Tuesday, reached £1,453, there is a tolerable chance of its not falling very short of the amount. The most emphatic way of protesting, nevertheless, would have been to exceed it. To leave the subject without a word of strong testimony to the services rendered by the Cathedral organist, Mr Townshend Smith, would be unjust. An excellent musician, a clever administrator, and a courteous gentleman, he has all the essential qualities for performing, in the most complete and satisfactory manner, the duties of an office he has long and honourably filled.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

The *représentation extraordinaire*, got up by the Town Council for the benefit of orphans and deserted children of Boulogne-sur-Mer, took place on Wednesday last (September 20) at the Theatre, and was very successful, resulting in a profit of 14,000 francs (£56). M. Louvrier and Mdlle de Joly led off with Massé's *Les Noces de Jeannette*, and played it, as they have so often done during the season, to perfection. During the evening there were no less than nine recitations given by Mdlle Agar and *les frères* Coquelin. Mdlle Lyonnell sang two songs. *La Soupière*, a one-act comedy by M. Ed. Hermilly, was given by M. Coquelin (*cadet*) and Mdlle Provost-Pousin; a scene from Reynard's *Democrite*, by M. Coquelin (*ainé*) and the same lady; another from Molière's *Mariage Forcé*, by the brothers Coquelin; and the orchestra of the theatre performed during the intervals the overtures to *Guillaume Tell* and *La Muette*. The declamatory powers of Mdlle Agar were displayed in *Le Songe d'Athalie* (Racine), "1811" (Victor Hugo), and *La Bénédiction* (Coppée). M. Coquelin was superb in a short piece, called *Le Sergeant*, by P. Déroulede, *Le Sous-préfet aux Champs* (A. Daudet), and *Le Billet de Faire Part* (Normand). M. Coquelin (*cadet*) read, to the great amusement of all present, "La Lettre de Bridet," and also recited two other pieces, "Le vieil habit" (Richepin) and "Ma femme est blonde" (Nadaud). Mdlle Lyonnell's rendering of "Le Sentier couvert" and "Tra-la-la" was pleasing, and the overtures were well played by the band.

On Thursday M. Devilliers, a native of Boulogne, a pupil of Rubini's, and now one of M. Strakosch's tenors, appeared as Manrico in *Le Trouvère*.

Les Dragons de Villars, on Saturday, was well played; and on Sunday *Giroflé-Girofla* brought the summer season to a close.

A new troupe begin, on Tuesday, the winter season, which lasts till April, 1877, during which drama, vaudeville, and opéra-comique will be given—I trust with success.

X. T. R.
Boulogne-sur-Mer, 25th September.

BUDA-PESTH.—The German Theatre opens on the 1st October,

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

On the 23rd inst., being the first Saturday in the term, Professor Macfarren, the Principal, addressed the students in the concert-room. There was a good attendance of students, professors, subscribers, members, associates, and honorary members.

Professor Macfarren, who was very warmly received, welcomed the students back to the Academy, in the name of the Committee of Management, on the dawning of the new academical year. They would come well indeed, he said, if they came with the purpose to profit to the utmost by the instruction which would be given them, and to display, to their honour and to the honour of the Academy, the fruits of those lessons. Since that day twelve months a most important change had taken place in the extension of the Academy premises. There were many plans which were long and anxiously considered, and the demand for change grew as the requirements of the increasing number of pupils arose; but, whatever was proposed, a strong feeling of reluctance to leave that locality, in which was associated all the past times of the institution, was always paramount. Their late dear friend and most keenly-regretted artist, Sir Sterndale Bennett, more than anyone else, deplored the thought of leaving the locality; and could he look upon the present arrangements, he (Professor Macfarren) was sure that he would be delighted to find that they were still in the old Academy, but that its dimensions had widened. Too much significance could not be given to the relationship which existed between the teachers and the pupils. He who undertook a cursory engagement to train a pupil might regard his duty in a more trifling point of view, though he seriously doubted if an earnest teacher would ever consider his office as trifling. But in the Academy there were artists who had gone through the toils and anxieties of fitting them for the art they loved and adorned; and, undertaking the duty of training artists to follow their steps, the relationship between them assumed a truly sacred character, and at all points there might be noticed the great interest which the professors took in the pupils. It was most significant, again, at the Academy that the pupils did not go to learn a single subject as a superficial accomplishment, but they went to learn music, and music consisted not in the knowledge of singing or violin playing, not even in the knowledge of harmony—it was a knowledge of all the elements of that very widely-embracing art which bore upon and played upon one another; and it would be a great injustice to the advantages at the pupils' command if they neglected any of the studies within their reach. He wished it to be especially remembered that the professors all acted in concert—that if the pupil learnt the manipulation of a piece of music from one teacher, he or she might learn the analysis of it from another. After referring to the importance of the second studies, to which every pupil was entitled as a part of the course, he said, of all the examples of the bearing of one study upon another, the most valuable was the practice of the choir and orchestra, and this was the culmination of all the resources of the Institution. A particular charm of the Academy's relationship was intimacy which the pupils had always formed with each other, and thus, instead of entering a profession among rivals, their first steps are surrounded by their own friends and well-wishers. He desired especially to draw grave attention to the likelihood of success of the vocal students, and the departments of music in which they were most probably to be engaged. More than anything else English singers were expected to succeed in singing in their own language. As studies, the practice of foreign compositions was valuable, but the world at large never cared to hear an English artist sing Italian songs. It had again and again been stated that the English was a bad language for singing. He was certain that this was erroneous. He was certain that the language of Shakspeare could not be a bad language, and he was certain that the language of Handel could not be a bad language for singing. Let them look at the wonderful declamation of the words, and the wonderful power of expression which those words contained, as set by the composer of the *Messiah*. It was of serious consequence that the singers should take all pains in their power to perfect themselves first in the understanding, then in the pronunciation, and then in the declamation of their own language, and prove to the world by the effects they produced that the English was a good language for singing. In the Academy the utmost efforts were taken to promote these ends, and they had appointed an English professor and a professor of elocution. Opportunities were also afforded for learning Italian, German, and French. He strongly deprecated the custom which had been creeping in among them within the past few years of performing a composition before an audience without a copy—playing by memory and singing by memory, which was always deceiving them at the critical moment. Even when they were thoroughly acquainted from beginning to end with a composition, he maintained that they should have a copy by them for reference. Again, there was a great temptation among all genuine artists to make themselves intimate with the art of their own day; but they

should bear in mind that the works of to-day were the culmination of a long-growing past, and that as the works of the present time could never have been produced had not the works of former times, from step to step, furnished a series of progressive models, so, he maintained, the works of the present time could not be understood unless approached through a long vista of the old masters. A rule of the Academy was that no one was to accept an engagement or to publish a composition without the leave of the Committee of Management. This rule had been sometimes disregarded, but he wished them to disregard it no longer. It was not an arbitrary rule at all, and the Academy afforded the pupils every possible opportunity of exercising their talents, but it was the teachers who should judge. For himself, he was a medium between the students and the committee, and when opportunities occurred when reference to those authorities might be desirable, he urged them to go to him without any fear of troubling him, as the word "trouble" was not in his dictionary. The reputation of the Academy had been built by the students. It was a tree which was always growing, and it was for them to extend its far-reaching appearance, and to show to the world that what had been done was still doing, and would be done; and through the care of the teachers, through the talents of the pupils—but, most of all, by the earnest work of the pupils—would be proved, not to England alone, but to the world, that there was a power of musicianship in this country, and a capability to add ornament to an art which was one of the glories of human nature.

"WHEN I WAS QUITE A LITTLE GIRL."

When I was quite a little girl
I dearly loved my cat,
And she would purr and brush my cheek,
As on my knee she sat.
And I would stroke her velvet coat
Of red, and black, and white;
Poor happy, harmless, hapless child,
How simple thy delight!

Like the gold tints of early dawn
Which usher in the day,
Soon clouds and darkness change the scene
And bar the pilgrim's way;
I never thought, I ne'er did dream
Of treachery or guile,
That oft we meet the deepest wound
Beneath the blandest smile.

But years have passed, and so it is,
Both cats and men betray,
They both will flatter, coax, and purr,
And wound in wanton play.
And now I ponder on these things
With sad and wistful eye;
Alas! alas! those happy days
For ever are gone by.

For ever gone the ringing laugh,
The calm contented breast,
The careless hours of glee and mirth,
The sweet and peaceful rest.
The world has marked me as its prey
And prisoned life's young spring;
And omens dark of future ill
Their lengthened shadows fling.

ADA LESTER.

* Copyright.

MOSCOW.—The Imperial Opera in Moscow commenced its Italian season on the 11th inst. The opera given was *La Sonnambula*, with Mlle Donadio—a new star, pupil of Mons. Strakosch—as the heroine. The second opera was *Lucia*, with Mlle Smeroschi. Both ladies were well received by the public. The *ensemble* was excellent. Signor Bevignani was conductor.

DESSAU.—Important alterations are being made at the Ducal Theatre. The orchestra has been lowered two feet and a half. It will be provided with a screen, which, springing from immediately before the first row of stalls, will extend half over it. This screen will render the musicians invisible to almost the entire audience. The conductor will leave his usual position close to the middle of the stage for one close to the stalls, but under the screen. Most of the band will sit with their backs turned to the stage and towards the conductor. The "wind" alone will sit with their faces turned towards the stage, as heretofore. This is the first theatre in Germany to follow the example set at Bayreuth. *Golo*, *Das goldene Kreuz*, and *Aida* are mentioned as the next novelties.

PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scraper.)

Nothing of any particular importance, musically speaking, has occurred since the date of my last letter, but, for all that, I have snapped up a number of "unconsidered trifles" in the form of news, and I feel loth to throw them away. Such a course would, in my opinion, be wasteful, and we all know the stern warning: "Waste not, want not."

Mdlle Krauss has re-appeared at the Grand Opera, after a tolerably long absence. The part selected was that of Valentine in *Les Huguenots*. She had a splendid reception, and was rapturously applauded after the duet in the fourth act. She is by no means a Tietjens. Marguerite of Navarre found a pleasing representative in Mad. Carvalho; and, if we could only recall the "præteritos annos" of Horace—but we cannot, so I will say no more on the subject. M. Salomon was the Raoul, and acquitted himself creditably. The same is true of M. Lassalle as the Count de Nevers and M. Menu as Marcel. It was in the character of Marcel, by-the-bye, that M. Belval, four days previously, took his farewell. But, though he leaves the Opera, he does not retire from the stage altogether. He is engaged for the winter season at the Liceo, Barcelona. His old comrades gave him a grand dinner on the 21st, at Brébant's, M. Halanzier acting as chairman. After dinner, he was presented with a handsome "bronze d'art."

Le Prophète and *La Juive* have alternated with *Les Huguenots* during the past week. In the first-named work, Mdlle Bloch, as Fidès, is growing more and more into public favour. Mdlle Baux is an interesting Bertha. M. Villaret is the hero. There might be a worse but there might be a better. We are shortly to have *Robert le Diable* and *Don Juan*. Both are in active rehearsal. M. Lassalle is to be the new Don.

The Opéra-Comique is announced to open on Saturday next, the 30th inst.,* but whether it really will do so strikes us as something still in the vague region of doubt. Following the fashion which seems to be gaining ground every day among gentlemen who wield the pen, either to write librettos or jot down crotchets and quavers for them, M. Victorien Sardou and M. Guiraud, the author and the composer respectively of *Piccolino*, with which the season was to have been inaugurated, suddenly discovered that the piece would be greatly improved by certain modifications. Having sensibly waited till the very last moment to make these modifications, M. Sardou completed his portion of them, but then M. Guiraud fell ill, and was unable to accomplish his share. This has brought matters to a deadlock. What's to be done? "Aye, there's the rub," as the melancholy Prince observes. Were I M. Carvalho, the manager—and thought, of course, as I do now—I should either produce *Piccolino* in its old form, or, if such a course did not meet with the approval of MM. Sardou and Guiraud, replace it by something else. At any rate, I would not disappoint the public, who are now clamouring for their Opéra-Comique, and, after allowing it to fail for want of support, imagine they cannot possibly exist without it. Oh! these Parisians! They invariably want what they do not happen to have, like spoiled children crying for the moon!

M. Albert Vizentini does not allow the grass to grow under his feet at the Théâtre-Lyrique. If ever there was a high pressure management, his management deserves that appellation. *Dimitri*, *Oberon*, and *Le Maître de Chapelle* engross, in turn, the bills, while *Martha*, *Lucresia*, *Richard*, *La Statue*, and *Giralda* are in rehearsal. Nor is this all. The librettos of *Le Timbre d'Argent* and of *Paul et Virginie* have been read to the company, and the parts given out.

The morning performances will not commence before the 1st October. The entertainments will, at the outset, consist of stock pieces, to be succeeded by *Psyche* (Molière and Lulli), *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Shakspeare and Mendelssohn), *Athalie* (Racine and Mendelssohn), and a long list of others, too numerous to mention. For me, it is a matter of marvel how such an amount of labour as must be indispensable at this theatre can be got through. I am inclined to the theory that rehearsals must be carried on all night; that M. Vizentini never goes to bed himself, and that everyone engaged by him takes a solemn oath that he, or she, will never ask to do so either. I see that M. Heyberger, the chief chorus-master, has resigned. I should not be surprised if he found the want of sleep too much for him.

* This evening.—Ed. M. W.

The season at the Ventadour will be inaugurated with Verdi's *Forzadel Destino*, with Signora Erminia Borghi-Mamo as the heroine. There will be a ballet *divertissement* in the second and another in the third act. The dresses and scenery are to be new, as this will be the first time the opera has been performed in Paris. The season will commence on Oct. 31st. It will conclude on May 31st. There will be three regular performances a week, with sometimes an extra night on Sunday. I annex a list of the company:—Sopranos: Signora Albani, Singer, Erminia Borghi-Mamo, Anna Eyre. Second Sopranos: Signora Biraldo and Ferrari. Mezzo-Soprano-Contraltos: Signora Parisi, Reggiani, and Armandi. Tenors: Signori Aramburo, Masini, Carpi, Devillier, and Piazza. Baritones: Signori Pandolfini, and Giovanni di Reszké. Basses: Signori Nannetti, E. di Reszké, and Crotti. Ballet-master and stage-manager, M. Van Hamme; Chorus-master, Sig. Brayda; Conductor of military music, M. Maury; Conductor, Sig. Muzio.

A new piece, entitled *L'Ami Fritz*, is in preparation at the Théâtre-Français, from the pen of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. It contains a somewhat prominent musical part, composed by M. Henri Maréchal.

Great regret has been occasioned in artistic, and especially musical, circles by the decease here, on the 17th, of M. Ernest Lubeck, the pianist. He was forty-seven. A Dutchman by birth, he had made France the country of his adoption, and had resided in Paris for the last twenty years. His amiable wife was a daughter of the Marquis de Planté. M. Lubeck for some time past had been afflicted at intervals with mental alienation, which compelled him to give up the active exercise of his profession. A pupil of his father, the director of the Conservatory at the Hague, he visited America when he was only twenty. For four years he gave concerts there with great success. He then settled permanently in Paris. He was pianist to the King of Holland, a Knight of the Order of the Oak Leaf Crown, and a member of the Armingaud-Jacquard Society for Chamber Music. He was much esteemed as an artist, and highly respected as a man. His performances in England some years since are still remembered.

"A MEMORY."*

(For Music.)

A message came home to my heart to-night,
A story so sad and sweet,
It spoke from the leaves of a withered flower
That chanced my eyes to meet;
Close-folded it lay in a book I love
But the page has been long unread,
And the hot tears rise in my weary eyes,
For my dreams, like the flower, are dead.

I stand on the threshold of bygone days,
I look through the veil of time,
And as I linger, and as I gaze,
Soft eyes look back to mine;
Once more the gleam of the autumn gold,
Burns over the distant hills;
Once more the tremble of meeting lips
My heart with passion thrills!
Once more! ah saddest of love's regrets,
That speaks from my vanished past,
Of hopes long perished, of days long dead,
Of joys too great to last!
I close the book on the faded flower
As my heart has closed on love.
Perhaps they may blossom to life once more
In the garden of Light above!

"RITA."

* Copyright.

TEPLITZ.—Favoured by splendid weather, the German Singers' League recently held their first Vocal Festival here. About a thousand singers, from far and near, belonging to sixty different associations, entered the town, headed by their respective standards. After a festive procession through the principal streets, gaily decorated for the occasion, there was a grand concert in the Theatre. A large number of part-songs and choruses were admirably given. Among the performances of single associations, the singing of the Dresden and the Prague branches at Seume's grave and in the gardens of Prince Clary's palace were especially admired.

DEATH.

On the 26th inst., at 29, St Mark's Crescent, Gloucester Road, N.W., after a long and painful illness, EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1876.

"*QUE diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*" What, in the name of fortune, induced Herr R. Wagner to fix on Bayreuth as the place for the performance of his Stage-Festival-Plays? is a question which might naturally suggest itself to the benighted persons who have not read the composers's literary works, and thus does Dr Hanslick discourse upon it:—

"But why at Bayreuth of all places in the world? The notion of building a new theatre in this locality formed no part of Wagner's original plan. He thought, at the outset, of using the old Bayreuth Operahouse, a stately monument of Margravian magnificence in days gone by. But the more he reflected on the requisite alterations, the more he found that the house would not suit him. He soon perceived that he must build as he reformed—from the very foundations; a new kind of opera demanded a new theatre. He adhered, however, to the small and remote town of Bayreuth, so that the spectator's attention might not be diverted from the composer's work by the influences of a large city. In Bayreuth he might, Wagner believed, assume that the public would be in the festive mood best calculated for his purpose. In this respect, according to the unanimous utterances of numerous visitors, he appears to have made a mistake. A townlet like Bayreuth is in no way fitted for such an immense influx of strangers. Not only is there everywhere a want of comforts, but frequently of necessities as well. I do not know that a man is likely to be in the most appropriate frame of mind for enjoying art when for a week he has occupied inconvenient lodgings, had a wretched bed to lie on, lived badly, and, after a trying operatic performance of from five to six hours, not been sure whether, by dint of hard fighting, he shall be able to procure a modest morsel of food. Few faces return an affirmative answer; and many persons who came here beaming with enthusiasm were seen yesterday, with far less gladsome looks, toiling up the hot and dusty road which leads to the far-off Wagner Theatre. Even the artists engaged in the performances indulge in well-grounded complaints. How easy, they say, might many a defect (such as the unsatisfactory manner in which some of the smaller parts were cast, &c.), not evident until evident at the general rehearsals, have been remedied in a large city, while in Bayreuth any change is out of the question. A distinguished member of the band had the misfortune to arrive with a violoncello half smashed on the road; it might easily have been repaired in any capital, but Bayreuth boasts of no instrument-maker. I will not dwell longer upon this part of the subject, which, with the motto: '*Wer nie sein Brod in Bayreuth ass,*' is better suited for humorous treatment than for any other. I simply wanted to express my opinion, thoroughly corroborated by my experience here, that the proper place for a great art-enterprise is a great city.

"And what about the ultimate fate of the Wagner Theatre? Has it been erected, people frequently ask, really for the *Ring des Nibelungen* alone? At the onset Wagner's reply was to the effect that: 'The principal object of this new institution was nothing more than to supply a locally fixed point of meeting where the best theatrical artists in Germany might practise and carry on their art in a higher and more original style than usual.' In other words: model performances, merely as such. In his *Schlussbericht*, Wagner narrows the circle still more, and says that the Bayreuth performances, indefinitely expanded, might include '*perhaps*

every kind of dramatic works, which, in consequence of the originality of their conception and their genuinely German style, could lay claim to especially correct execution.' That this did not include operas originally Italian, like *Don Juan*; or French, like *Armida*; or with spoken dialogue, like *Der Freischütz* and *Fidelio*, is a fact well known to everyone well posted up in Wagner's writings. It would, indeed, be a piece of absurdity to visit Bayreuth on purpose to hear operas by Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber, which are, as a rule, tolerably represented at the theatres of the various German Courts. Nobody labours any longer under the illusion that the theatre erected for the *Nibelungen* will henceforth be devoted only to the *Nibelungen*. But here we find ourselves involuntarily in a dilemma, which forces itself upon us. It is either not possible to produce Wagner's *Nibelungenring* any where but in this Stage-Festival-Playhouse—in which case, Wagner's tremendous labours would be out of all proportion to the quickly fading success achieved—or the work may and will be brought out at other large theatres; in which case, the erection of so costly a building of his own strikes one as a strange piece of luxury. But, however bitterly Wagner condemns our theatres, with which he will 'never again come in contact,' everything inclines irresistibly to our second assumption, and Wagner himself will find it difficult to oppose the current. Every serious work of art requires to be heard several times; it can produce its due effect and command due appreciation only by periodically recurring impressions. To think of restricting the principal work of his whole life to Bayreuth would, in Wagner's case, almost resemble professional suicide. The number of well-to-do Bayreuth pilgrims is far from being as large as Wagner could desire; least of all do these *Patronatsherren* represent the German people, for whom, we are informed, the *Nibelungenring* is intended. If Wagner wished not merely to amuse a handful of persons with his greatest creation in a particular place and on one particular occasion, but desired to see that creation take root in the nation itself, he must, without more ado, confide it to the 'accursed operatic theatres.' It is, in fact, already decided that Vienna will begin by performing *Die Walküre*, and that Munich will bring out the entire *Trilogy*. The work, unless I am mistaken, may be got up with somewhat less magical machinery, but it will, notwithstanding, be rendered, in a musical sense, satisfactorily. If the *Nibelungenring* shows signs of defective vitality in Vienna, Munich, Berlin, and Dresden, because the coloured steam is less suffocating, the Daughters of the Rhine swim less elegantly, and the Walkyrie do not ride so fast, there must be something wrong with the principal thing, the musical kernel of the work. The more genuine and greater the inward poetic vigour of a dramatic composition, the more easily can it bear shortcomings in the mode of its performance and the manner in which it is got up. *Don Juan* and *Der Freischütz*, *Egmont* and *Die Räuber*, hold the audience spellbound even in unpretending provincial theatres. And it is in small theatres that the operas of Wagner himself, those to which he owes his fame, his popularity, and, consequently, the possibility of the whole Bayreuth undertaking—*Tannhäuser*, *Der fliegende Holländer*, and *Lohengrin*—have obtained for him the greatest following. The most brilliant success of the *Nibelungen* at Bayreuth—a success as good as assured beforehand—affords no trustworthy test of the value and effect of the composition. For this it is requisite that Bayreuth shall journey to Europe after Europe has journeyed to Bayreuth. The mountain has come once to the Prophet; the Prophet must now go to the mountain.

"The Wagner Theatre itself is one of the most interesting and instructive sights imaginable. Not by its exterior, which is architecturally poverty-stricken, and imposes by its position alone, but by the sensible novelty of its internal arrangement. Immediately on entering, the spectator is struck by the auditorium; rows of seats rising, like an amphitheatre, in a semi-circle, with a low gallery, the 'Sovereigns' Box,' behind them. There is no other box in the whole house, but in the place of boxes there are pillars right and left. The spectator enjoys from every seat an equally good and unobstructed view of the proceedings on the stage, and of nothing else. At the beginning of the performance the auditorium is enveloped in complete obscurity. The brightly illuminated stage, on which neither side nor foot lights are visible, appears like a picture of glowing colours in a dark frame. Many scenes almost resemble transparencies, or views in a diorama. Wagner hereby emphasises the axiom that: 'A scenic picture should be exhibited to

the spectator with all the inaccessibility of a dream.' The most remarkable object is the invisible orchestra, 'the mystic abyss,' as Wagner named it, 'because its office is to separate the Real from the Ideal.' It is placed so low as to remind one of the engine-room in a steamer. It is, moreover, almost entirely covered by a kind of tin roof. The musicians cannot see the slightest portion of the stage or of the public. The conductor alone can see the singers, but not the audience. Wagner's genial idea of sparing us in opera the irritating spectacle of all the musicians fiddling, blowing, and thumping away, is an idea of which I long since repeatedly acknowledged the merit, and of which, on the Munich model, I endeavoured to act as propagandist. In his Bayreuth Theatre, however, Wagner strikes me as having gone too far, that is to say, too deep; for, through the whole of *Rheingold*, though, it is true, I did not miss the clearness of the orchestra, I missed its brilliancy. Even the most stormy passages sounded muted and veiled. There is no doubt of this being a boon for the singers, but slightly at the expense of the instrumentalists, to whom the most important and the most beautiful part of the work is confided. Judging by the muted sound, hardly anyone would have suspected the numerical strength of the orchestra, the eight harps of which, for instance, sounded to me like only two or three. But it is not merely in important matters, such as the position of the orchestra, that Wagner has taken pains to hit on new arrangements, with the view of reminding us as little as possible of our operatic theatres. He has done so in smaller matters as well. Thus the signal at the commencement of the piece, and at that of each act, is given, not by a bell, but by a trumpet-flourish; the curtain does not rise and descend, but parts in the middle, and so on."

While delighted to give credit where credit is due, we must remind the reader that Herr R. Wagner cannot claim to have originated those changes in the Bayreuth Theatre which are indisputably ameliorations. Very many years have elapsed since Grétry suggested them: the amphitheatre-like auditorium, every seat in which would command a clear and unobstructed view of the stage; and the invisible orchestra. Such an orchestra, by the way, has, on a small scale, long been familiar to the frequenters of the Prince of Wales's Theatre in London. Whether we should consider the abolition of boxes advantageous or the reverse, is a moot point; still the idea is Grétry's, not Wagner's. It is true that Grétry did not suggest the advisability of dividing the curtain into two portions, and drawing them aside in opposite directions. But that plan was adopted by Mr Macready at Drury Lane, and by Mad. Vestris, at the Olympic, and their example has since been followed by other occupants of the managerial throne in England. Herr R. Wagner may, however, proudly boast of having substituted a trumpet-call in lieu of the bell sounded by English prompters, or the three knocks in vogue among their French colleagues, and we readily acknowledge, in the name of a grateful world, his right to all the glory so important, so essential, and so momentous, an innovation deserves.

K. R.

BAYREUTH.

A CORRESPONDENT from Bayreuth (date, September 15th) writes that, according to the last accounts, the performances of the *Nibelungenring* "yield a loss (!) of 60,000 marks, which the Corporation of the town have covered." Bayreuth has made a contract to undertake the charge of the restaurant near the theatre, and has come to an arrangement with this year's undertaker. Let us hope it may be to the benefit of next year's visitors, for visitors last month were scurvily treated. Contracts with various singers and players upon artificial instruments have already been signed for the expected performances in 1877. The price for the series is fixed at 100 marks—two thirds less than this year. The money circulated in Bayreuth during the three weeks' performances is said to exceed two millions of marks; so that

Bayreuth may be reasonably expected to meet the deficit incurred by the first incredible venture. Catch them at it. —D. P.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

An autumnal concert tour has been organised by Mr N. Vert, on behalf of Mr Edward Lloyd, which promises every success. The list of artists, headed by the *entrepreneur*, Mr E. Lloyd, a tenor to speak of whose merits were superfluous, comprises also as vocalists: Mdmes Edith Wynne, Antoinette Sterling, and Mr Lewis Thomas; instrumentalists: Mr Charles Ould, violoncello, and Mr Lindsay Sloper, pianist. The fallacy that "anything will do for the country," though sustaining, year after year, rude shocks, is scarcely exploded, as many light pockets and heavy hearts will testify as their owners return to London sadder if not wiser men. The country will no longer be satisfied with London crumbs. It demands full feasts. In olden times a great feudal chieftain kept a taster, one who tried drinks and food before the master partook of them. In matters of art the country makes the metropolis fulfil that office; London tries and tests most things for the provinces. The yokel receives with assurance that of which the cockney approves, reserving to himself, however, the right of rejection, if distasteful. Mr Vert has submitted to his provincial clients nothing but what has been well proved. Mr Edward Lloyd, belonging to a well-known musical family, has risen from the Westminster choir boy to the front rank of tenors. Mdme Edith Wynne, now in her prime, has for years charmed gentle and simple. Mdme Antoinette Sterling, the American contralto, has been graciously received in this her adopted country. Mr Lewis Thomas has been for a long time entrusted with important duties in the programmes of musical festivals and oratorio societies, whilst Mr Charles Ould is well known as a musician of culture and a successful *virtuoso*, and Mr Lindsay Sloper has few equals in his branch of the art. With such a team, Mr Vert need fear no failure in the journeyings he has planned.—From the "Musical World."

WAGNERITES who attended the Statistical Congress at Budapest may be interested to learn that, during the three Series of Performances at Bayreuth, one establishment alone sold more than five-thousand-eight-hundred *Eimer* of the liquor known as "*Weihen-Stefan*." Any enthusiastic statistician desirous of expressing the number of *Eimer* in English gallons may gratify that desire by multiplying the number by 36.

HERR GEORG UNGER, the tenor, whose breach of contract with the manager of the Düsseldorf Theatre, in order that he might study under Herr Wagner, obtained for him last year a certain amount of popularity, has again been prevented by "the Master" from accepting an engagement. He is to continue his studies under the same illustrious professor. It is to be hoped that, when he has at length completed those studies, Herr Unger may not find he has lost his voice. We have all read of the horse who, directly he had learned to live without food, died.

A BERLIN literary man, author of numerous articles which have appeared, from time to time, in the *Gartenlaube*, conceived the notion of publishing a book to be entitled "*Luca Anecdotes*," of which he had made a large collection. In furtherance of his project, he wrote to the lady at Zurich, and asked her whether she could not oblige him with some materials out of her portfolio of American travel, which he might work up humorously. In her answer, declining to comply with this request, Mad. Luca says: "I have had to battle, as every one, particularly every woman, is compelled to battle, who is a public character, and I cannot assert that my professional career has always been a bed of roses. At any rate, it would be difficult, nay, impossible, for me to find in my recent reminiscences anything which would be appropriate in a humorous publication."

"THE cry is still: They come." The "They" in this case represents the announcements which the Bayreuth police continue to make respecting the numerous robberies from the person committed during the recent National-Festival-Stage-Play-Performances, and the perpetrators of which robberies the Bayreuth police yearn—fruitlessly, we fear—to apprehend. The latest list

issued by them enumerates the following trifles, not exactly light as air, which their respective lawful owners would fain recover: 1. A satchel, with 600 marks; 2. A red Russian leathern purse, with three return tickets from Bayreuth to Munich, a double crown-piece, and several five-mark notes; 3. A red Russian leathern pocket book, with two 100 florins notes, a 100 marks note, and six tickets of admission to the Wagner Theatre; 4. A pocket-book, with 3 notes of 100 marks each, 2 notes for 20 marks each, and 1 note for 5 marks; 5. A portemonnaie, with 3 crowns, 3 one-mark pieces, and 94 marks in small change; 6. A portemonnaie, with between six and seven hundred francs, in gold; 7. A note-book, containing a receipt for 300 francs, the photograph of a lady, and the photograph of a dog. Whether these Nibelungen Treasures will ever be recovered is a matter of grave doubt. Commenting upon the subject, the *Wiener Fremdenblatt* sarcastically remarks: "Many owners of the missing property declare they would much rather have lost the *Nibelungen Ring* itself."

BEETHOVEN looked upon music as an inspiration. The following remarkable words, recorded by his friend, M^{me} Bettina von Arnim, expresses his views on the subject:

"As soon as I open mine eyes," he said, "I begin to sigh for what is contrary to my religion, and I despise the world, which does not understand that music is a revelation sublimer than all wisdom, than all philosophy. It is the wine which inspires new creations. I am the Bacchus who press out for men this delicious nectar; it is I who give them this intoxication of spirit; and, when it has ceased, lo! they have fished out a crowd of things which they bring with them to the shore. I have no friends, I am alone; but I know that God is nearer to me in my art than others. I work without fear with Him, because I have always acknowledged and understood Him. Neither have I any fear for my music; it can have but one destiny; he who fully feels it will be for ever delivered from the evils that others draw after them."

He was, moreover, fully conscious of his own genius, and this consciousness sometimes showed itself in a manner which, in one less absorbed in his art, would have savoured of conceit. "I am of an electrical nature," he remarked on one occasion; "that is why my music is so admirable." M^{me} Bettina says, describing an interview with him: "Beethoven sang me '*Kennst du das Land*' with a penetrating voice, and with such expression as to affect me with profound melancholy. 'Is it not beautiful?' he cried, quite inspired. 'It is wonderful!' I answered. 'Then I will sing you again.'"

AMONG the musical instruments at the Philadelphia Exhibition is a piano, of which a writer in *Brainard's Musical World* says:—

"It is beyond a doubt the oldest instrument of that kind in existence in our country; at least we have never yet heard of one of greater age. We first noticed it in 1870, while visiting the store of our friend John Kevinski, of Lancaster, Pa. Observing at a glance the approximate age of the instrument, we made every effort to learn something definite concerning its history. The facts which we ascertained are but few. After examining old family records and papers, originally belonging to the Dickert family, and after requesting the President of the Female College at Bethlehem, Pa., to examine certain parts of the records of the institution, and, furthermore, after making diligent inquiry in the town of Lancaster, we learned that the only piano (clavichord) was brought to Lancaster, Pa., in 1766. It belonged to the Dickert family. An aged person remembered that the instrument attracted considerable attention, and that many persons would gather around the window to hear its sounds. We also learned that the instrument was probably brought over by Moravians, who came with Count Zinzendorf in 1741. The old relic came into the possession of Mr W. S. Gill, of Lancaster, and from him it passed to its present owner, Mr John Kevinski. It is 'gebunden'; that is, several tones are produced by one and the same string, it being struck and raised at different places, thereby lengthening or shortening it. As this style of making instruments was abandoned as early as 1700—that is, as clavichords were after that time so built that each key was supplied with its own string, which was then called 'bundfrei'—the age of the clavichord may be guessed at without going very far astray."

THE friendship between Bellini and Donizetti was very strong. It actually appeared, so Sig. Florimo tells us in one of his works, to influence their musical thoughts. We know that Bellini was writing *Beatrice di Tenda* for Venice, in 1833, while Donizetti was engaged on his *Parisina* for Florence. Both thought they had

hit upon a grand idea. It was the idea, namely, forming the initial phrase of the famous quintet: "Io soffrì, soffrì tortura" of *Beatrice*, and the fine inspiration in the last scene of *Parisina*. When the two composers met shortly afterwards, Donizetti said to his friend: "You have not robbed me, Bellini, for you are incapable of taking another man's property, but you have borrowed one of my melodies for your sublime quintet in *Beatrice*." Bellini replied very calmly: "My dear Donizetti, it is by no means clear that I have taken this pathetic phrase from you, but, supposing I had, you ought to feel much obliged, for, modesty apart, I have placed it well. However, to speak frankly, I fancy we have both taken it from some one else, who, more fortunate than we are, was the original author. At this moment I cannot think of his name." "Nor more can I," said Donizetti, smiling. Not a very long period had elapsed subsequent to this, when Donizetti happened to see at Girard, the publisher's, the popular piece known as *La dernière Pensée*, by Weber. He suddenly burst out laughing. Asking for pen, ink, and paper, he wrote the following lines, which he at once posted to Bellini, who was then in Paris, having gone there to compose *I Puritani*: "My dear Bellini, I have something to tell you. I have found the original of our copies. It is Weber. Yours ever, DONIZETTI." [The beauty of which is that the theme is not Weber's, but Reissiger's.—D. P.]

PROVINCIAL.

JERSEY.—Mrs Sicklemore (of London) and M^{me} Bradshawe-Mackay have been very successful with their concert. The *Chronique de Jersey* of September 23rd says:—"Le succès que nous avons prédit en apprenant la nouvelle du retour de ces charmantes cantatrices parmi nous, s'est pleinement réalisé Mardi dernier. Jamais, peut-être, la jolie salle du Royal Hall, n'a réuni une société plus brillante ni plus nombreuse.—Toute l'élite de l'île s'y était donné rendez-vous et l'accueil fait à Mesdames Sicklemore et Bradshawe-Mackay, a dû leur prouver qu'à Jersey, il existe, pardessus tout autre, une institution enviable—celle de la haute appréciation du talent musical. La soirée de Mardi marqua dans le calendrier des concerts donnés ici depuis que le mot concert existe à Jersey." The fair concert-givers were assisted by Mr Henry Guy (who was encored in "Come into the garden, Maud," when he sang, "My pretty Jane") and Mr Wilfred Bendall (pianist). M. Philippe de Faye accompanied the vocal music.

WREXHAM.—A grand orchestral concert was lately given at the Art Treasures' Exhibition, Wrexham, when Mr John Thomas's dramatic cantata, *Llewelyn* (composed for the Swansea Eisteddfod in 1863) was performed. The attendance was far more numerous than on any former occasion. Mr Edward de Jong's complete orchestra, from Manchester, and the Birkenhead Cambrian Choral Society were engaged for the occasion. The musical director and conductor was Mr John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia), harpist to her Majesty the Queen, the composer of the cantata. The principal artists were M^{me} Edith Wynne, Mr W. H. Cummings, and Mr Lewis Thomas. The band played with very great skill and power. It is the first time that any orchestra so complete has been heard in Wales. The Art Treasures' Exhibition has certainly done more for music in Wales than any other institution. The Birkenhead Cambrian Choral Union, perhaps, was not quite so good as we had anticipated from their previous efforts. M^{me} Edith Wynne sustained the part of Eleanor with the same vigour, power of voice, and force of expression as she did at its first performance in Swansea. Mr Cummings sang the part of Llewelyn with musicianly skill, power of voice, and a fine discrimination of musical sentiment, leaving nothing to be desired. "Mr. Lewis Thomas"—says the *Wrexham Guardian*—"who was the bard, has a voice of compass, volume, and ponderosity in every way suited to the character of a bard. We do not know that all bards are 'bass,' but we can say that in this case the 'bass' was a bard who led his followers with great decision and firmness. Concerning the merits of Mr Lewis Thomas, nothing need be said, for time, that tries all, has proved him an artist in every sense of the word."

THE news of the death of Dr Edward Rimbault, which occurred on Tuesday, at his own residence, will be heard by the musical world with sincere regret. Dr Rimbault was a genuine scholar, and knew as much as most men about the history of his art. The funeral will take place to-day (Saturday) at twelve o'clock, at Highgate cemetery.

PARMA.—The Municipality of this city have sent the Municipality of Milan a copy of the medal struck in honour of Signor Verdi.

THE LEGEND OF THE NIBELUNGEN.

(Continued from page 647.)

A second race of heroes, also of divine origin, was that of the Gibichungen on the Rhine. Among them were Gunther, and Gudrune his sister. Gunther's mother, Crimhilda, had once been ravished by Alberich, and she bore him a natural son, Hagen. As the desires and hopes of the gods rested upon Siegfried, Alberich based his hope of regaining the ring on Hagen, the hero whom he had begotten. Hagen was pale, serious, and gloomy; his features hardened early; he seemed older than he was. Even while he was a child, Alberich had secretly revealed to him the knowledge of his father's fate, and incited him to strive after the ring. He was strong and powerful, yet still he did not seem to Alberich mighty enough to slay the dragon. As Alberich was now powerless, he had not been able to hinder his brother Mime, when the latter sought to gain the treasure by means of Siegfried; but now Hagen was to bring about Siegfried's ruin, in order to win from him at his death the ring. Hagen was hostile to Gunther and Gudrune; they feared him, but they esteemed his cunning and experience. The secret of Hagen's wonderful birth, and the fact that he was not his real brother, was known to Gunther, who had once reproached Hagen with being a bastard. Gunther had been instructed by Hagen that Brünnhilde was of all women the most to be desired, and aroused by him to a longing to possess her, when Siegfried came among the Gibichungen on the Rhine. Gudrune, inspired with love for Siegfried by the praise which Hagen had lavished upon him, gave Siegfried, by Hagen's advice, a goblet of welcome prepared through Hagen's art in such a way that it caused Siegfried to forget his life with Brünnhilde, and his espousal with her. Siegfried sought Gudrune for his wife, and Gunther consented on condition that he should aid him to gain Brünnhilde. Siegfried agreed to this; they swore an oath of brotherhood to one another, from which Hagen, however, held himself aloof. Siegfried and Gunther entered upon their journey, and arrived at Brünnhilde's rock-fortress; Gunther remained in the ship, and Siegfried for the first and only time made use of his power as ruler of the Nibelungen, by putting on the helmet, and assuming by its aid the figure and appearance of Gunther. So he penetrated through the flames to Brünnhilde. She, already robbed of her maidenhood by Siegfried, had also given up her superhuman power; all her wisdom she had given over to Siegfried, who made no use of it; she was powerless as any ordinary woman, and could make only a fruitless resistance to the new, bold suitor; he seized from her the ring, with which she was now to be espoused to Gunther, and forced her into a room, where he slept by her side during the night, but, to her surprise, with his sword lying between them. In the morning he brought her to the ship, where he permitted the real Gunther to take his place unremarked by her side; transporting himself by the powers of the helmet at once to the Gibichenburgh on the Rhine. Gunther reached his home with Brünnhilde, who followed him in gloomy silence, Siegfried at Gudrune's side, and Hagen received them on arrival.

Brünnhilde was filled with rage when she saw Siegfried as Gudrune's husband; his cold, friendly indifference toward her filled her with amazement; but she guessed the treachery that had been wrought against him, and demanded the ring which did not belong to him, but which Gunther had received from her; he refused it. She demanded of Gunther that he should take the ring from Siegfried; Gunther was perplexed and hesitated. Brünnhilde asked—did Siegfried then receive the ring from her? But Siegfried, who recognised the ring, said, "I received it from no woman; my own strength won it from the giant dragon; by it I am the ruler of the Nibelungen, and I will give up its power to no man." Hagen stepped between them, and asked Brünnhilde whether she certainly recognised the ring? If it was her ring then Siegfried might have become possessed of it by treachery, and it could only belong to Gunther, her husband. Brünnhilde cried out with indignation at the trick that had been played upon her, and a terrible thirst for revenge against Siegfried filled her soul. She cried out to Gunther that he had been betrayed by Siegfried: "I am not married to thee, but to this man; he received my favours." Siegfried reproached her with falsehood; declared that he had been true to his oath of brotherhood—that he had laid his sword between Brünnhilde and himself; he demanded of her that she should bear witness to this. Purposely, and aiming solely at his ruin, she would not understand him; she declared that he lied, and falsely appealed to his sword Balmung (Nothung), that she had seen hanging quietly on the wall while he lay lovingly by her side.

The men and Gudrune besought Siegfried to repel the accusation if he could, and Siegfried swore a solemn oath in confirmation of what he had said. Brünnhilde accused him of perjury; he had sworn so many oaths to her and Gunther, she said, that he had broken. Now he swore to a perjury to strengthen a lie. All was in a furious

excitement. Siegfried cried out to Gunther to restrain his wife, who so shamelessly maligned her own and her husband's honour; he himself departed with Gudrune into their chamber. Gunther, in the deepest shame and wretchedness, seated himself apart and covered his face; and Hagen approached Brünnhilde, who was consumed by the most fearful rage. He offered himself as the avenger of her honour; but she laughed at him, as powerless to conquer Siegfried; a single glance from his glowing eyes, such as had shone upon her even through his deceitful disguise, would break Hagen's courage. Then Hagen said he knew Siegfried's mighty strength full well—that she must tell him, therefore, how he was to be overcome. She, who had hallowed Siegfried, and had secured him, by secret charms, against wounds, advised Hagen that he must strike him in the back; for that as she knew the hero would never turn his back to his foes, she had not made that also invulnerable. Gunther was informed of the plan of murder. They called upon him to avenge his honour, and Brünnhilde covered him with accusations of cowardice and treachery, until at last he acknowledged his fault, and the necessity of ending his shame by Siegfried's death. Yet he was filled with horror at the thought of being guilty of breach of his oath of brotherhood. Brünnhilde scoffed at him bitterly; what breaches of faith had not been committed against her? And Hagen urged him on by the prospect of gaining the Nibelungen Ring, which Siegfried would let go at his death. At last Gunther consented; Hagen planned a hunt for the next day, when Siegfried should be attacked; perhaps his murder would be concealed from even Gudrune. Gunther was anxious on her account, for Brünnhilde's thirst for revenge was sharpened by jealousy. Thus Siegfried's death was decided on. Siegfried now appeared with Gudrune in the hall, brilliantly arrayed, and invited them to a sacrifice and the marriage feast. The conspirators obeyed with hypocritical readiness, and Siegfried and Gudrune rejoiced at the apparent restoration of peace.

(To be continued.)

A TUNE HALF PLAYED.

THE REMARKABLE FATE OF A MAN WHO HAD LONG BLOWN THE FLUTE.

"The man that played the flute at our house," said Mr Maguffin, "is dead; and I boldly say that he fell a victim to the malicious hatred of a clique of boarders who have no soul for music. He was a harmless and a most persevering man. Had he displayed in any mercantile pursuit the marvellous continuity that marked his performance on the flute, he would doubtless have been a lighthouse in the world of commerce. He was thin and not over strong, but he would play the flute by the hour; and at last the same gang that objected to the music of Zugheimer, the bass-horn artist, determined to drive out the flute-player. One night after he had gone to bed they captured his flute, and took it down town to a fire-works-maker, who lined it with a fiery preparation so arranged as to go off after it had borne a continuous air-pressure of one hour. The numerous little holes in the flute gave ample vent, and it was thought the burning would afford at once a warning and a pleasing pyrotechnic display. The flute was safely returned to his room, but the poor fellow fell sick before he had a chance to toot; and for a long time he suffered patiently. When at last he did recover, his first thought was of his flute; and last night the clique, sitting in the parlour, heard him in his room above blowing away with a zest born of long abstinence. He was playing a lovely song that was popular many years ago, 'Roll on, silver moon.' It has eighty-three stanzas, and it takes a long time to sing them properly. I remember one night when I was going to the lodge, I passed two youthful lovers who were sitting on the front stoop looking at the moon and crooning that song, and when I went back that way, early the next morning, they hadn't quite finished it. Some of the lines are very pathetic, but as interpreted on the flute they are not so touching; there's a good deal of sameness to them; like this:—

"Tooty-tooty tooty tooty tooty tooty tooty toot,
Tooty-tooty tooty tooty tooty tooty tooty toot—oot,
Tooty-tooty tooty tooty tooty tooty tooty tooty,
Tooty-tooty tooty tooty tooty tooty tooty toot."

"He began playing at about ten minutes past eight, and at nine, after he had executed about one-half of the music, Magruder and his friends went up-stairs and filed into his room with pleasant congratulations on his getting around again, and compliments for his playing. It pleased him to receive such unlooked-for attention, and he played with redoubled vigour. At eight minutes past nine the music ceased. Fire crept out of a keyhole near the east end of the flute and burned the players' fingers. But it didn't go off as was intended. His long illness had given the powder time to cake, and instead of blazing with frisky playfulness it acted like a last year's rocket—a sharp sizz, and, before the player had recovered from his astonishment, a fierce bang! and the devilish deed was done; he had fluted his last flute!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The concert at Covent Garden on Saturday night was attended by a crowded audience, the prominent feature of attraction being the first appearance of Herr Wilhelmj, who occupied the post of leading violin at the recent much talked of performances of Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen*. The great artist must have been somewhat perplexed at appearing amid a blaze of lights, and in view of a large concourse of people, after having exercised his talents for so lengthened a period at Bayreuth in a profound abyss, where he could only be heard, not seen. The unanimously hearty greeting he received, however, must at once have shown him that he had not been forgotten by his London admirers; and though, as it seemed to us, a little nervous at beginning, his splendid execution of Ernst's fantasia on themes from Rossini's *Otello* soon convinced all hearers that the same Wilhelmj was before them who had been applauded, night after night, last autumn. In this brilliant and extremely trying piece the highest qualities of the violinist are called forth, and Herr Wilhelmj, not for the first time, proved equal to every requirement. His performance was no less to be admired for that unlimited command of the instrument which renders purely mechanical difficulties—difficulties, a technical reference to which would be superfluous—mere child's play in his hand, than for his expressive and unaffected delivery of the "Willow Song," that exquisite melody, "long drawn out," which gives contrast and importance to the middle part of the fantasia, and which Ernst himself, by the way, used to render much in the same style. At the end Herr Wilhelmj was enthusiastically applauded, and, after being four times called back, was compelled to play again. The piece he selected was not, as might have been anticipated, of an *ad captandum* sort, but a beautiful slow movement from one of the orchestral suites of John Sebastian Bach, arranged for violin "solo," with appropriately slight accompaniment. This was given in perfection, and listened to with an interest worth noting, the quiet nature of the movement, combined with the usual temperament of a promenade audience, taken into consideration. The applause at the end was no greater compliment than the attention which had been paid to the performance. Herr Wilhelmj's return is likely to give a fresh impetus to the Covent Garden concerts. The programme was in other respects attractive. Besides Signor Arditì's very effective "selections" from *Aida* and *Un Ballo in Maschera*, in which his most eminent solo players on various instruments, together with the band of the Coldstreams, under Mr Fred Godfrey, are employed, and other orchestral pieces, there was an attractive selection of vocal music, the singers being Signors De Bassini and Medica, Mdle Bianchi, and Mdme Rose Hersee, whose "Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" proved how a genuine English ballad, sung with genuine English sentiment, can never fail to please. Mdle Bianchi's brilliant execution of Signor Arditì's well-known "Taran-tella" was encored as it deserved. In the "Mendelssohn selection," on Wednesday, Herr Wilhelmj played the violin concerto with admirable effect.—*Times*.

FRANKFORT.—Boieldieu's opera, *The Caliph of Bagdad*, which had been forgotten for fifty years, has been given at the Stadttheater with success. In spite of Wagner's music of the future, the music of the past gave pleasure to many people who like to recollect the old days. What will be the world's opinion of the *Götterdämmerung* half a century hence?—*Z. Z.*

MUNICH.—The Intendant-General, Baron von Perfall, is shortly to be appointed Chamberlain-in-Chief. He will still retain his position, however, at the head of the Theatre Royal, but will be assisted by Herr Ernst Possart as principal stage-manager.—Mdle Josephine Schefzky, Herren Vogl and Schlosser, have had the Ludwig medal (Section of Science and Art) conferred on them by the King.

VERONA.—Herr Richard Wagner arrived here some time since and alighted at the hotel where apartments had been secured for him by his Italian publisher, Mdme Lucca. Thus the Veronese will be the first Italians to gaze upon the features of the illustrious Composer of the Future. *O fortunati Veronesi, si sua bona viderint.* [Wagner heard Rossini's *Otello*, and was—delighted, of course.—*D. P.*]

WAIFS.

Mdlle Albani is in London.

New York has a lawyer named Fee.

Herr Schubert has returned from the Continent.

Mad. Christine Nilsson is expected daily in London.

Mr William Dorrell has returned to town from Sussex.

Signor Rossi has postponed his visit to America till next year.

The Miasse Ferrari have returned from their visit to Balmoral.

Mad. Annette Essipoff will be the next sensation in New York.

Good word for a charade:—Income-Patty-Billy-tea. My whole is frequent.

One of the new streets now constructing in Florence is to bear the name of Cherubini.

Mr Ernest Stoeger, the accomplished pianist and composer, has returned from Bayreuth.

The third volume of *Beethoven's Leben*, by Ludwig Nohl, has just been published in Leipsic.

Sir Michael Costa is on the Continent, and not expected to return till the end of next month.

H. J. Byron's celebrated comedy of *Our Boys* has been produced with success at Melbourne.

Mr and Mrs F. B. Jewson have returned to town after passing their vacation on the Continent.

The New York Grand Operahouse opened on the 11th inst. with the Oates Comic Opera Company.

Richard Wagner's manuscript, both musical and literary, is as plain and as clear as copperplate.

Mr Frank Amor, of Salisbury, has been elected a professor of the violin at the Royal Academy of Music.

M. Arban has returned from St Petersburg to Paris. He will shortly begin his concerts at Frascati's.

Mr Frederic Clay's new comic opera, *Don Quixote*, was produced with great success at the Alhambra, on Monday.

M. Ambroise Thomas has returned from Brittany to Paris for the re-opening of the Conservatory on the 2nd October.

The great success of the week at the Lyceum Theatre has been Sir Julius Benedict's genial and charming *Lily of Killarney*.

The present Alexandre Dumas is very regular and correct in his habits; his father was exactly the reverse. Prosper Mérimée once said to the latter: "Heavens! what a pity your son did not bring you up!"

Mdme Adelina Patti has been forbidden by her medical advisers to fulfil her engagement at St Petersburg this year. She is nevertheless seemingly in good health at Paris, visiting one or other of the theatres nightly.

"Yes," said a distinguished French politician to a friend the other day, "I occasionally visit M. Thiers now, for he is troubled with bronchitis, and, between two fits of coughing, one can sometimes edge a word in."

The latest American story of absent-mindedness concerns a druggist's clerk, who filled his customer's bottle, and, receiving therefor a nice new twenty-five cent scrip, pasted it on the bottle, and put the label into the cash drawer.

Mdme Otto Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) has just presented 40,000 crowns to the Stockholm Academy of the Liberal Arts, of which she is a member. With the interest of the said sum an exhibition is to be founded for deserving students.

A great many artists have left the French capital to fulfil their respective engagements. Mdles Heilbron and Donadio have gone to St Petersburg; Signor Padilla, to Moscow; Mdle Gerster, to Madrid; and M. Belval, to Barcelona.

George Augustus Sala, writing of Brighton, says:—"The season is when Everybody is there, and when you meet, in the course of every hour's walk, at least twenty people whom you hate, or who hate you—an infallible sign of an abnormal affluence of everybody to a particular spot."

It is said that the authorities contemplate putting certain restrictions on the performances of the Paris Cafés-Concerts. According to the *Entr'acte*, the use of costumes is to be forbidden, and the number of personages in the pieces represented will not be permitted to exceed two.

A milkman in West Congress Street, Chicago, had the misfortune to lose, by departure from the city, a customer who owed him for twenty-seven quarts of milk. It was an aggravating case, because he had only been serving the customer for three weeks, and so had given him nearly all pure milk.

M. Ernest Reyer left Paris a short time since for the Hague, to superintend the performance, before the King of Holland, of several fragments from his opera, *Sigurd*.

After a short sojourn in Paris, M^{me} Christine Nilsson will set out on the 4th November for her tour, under Herr Ullmann's management, through Belgium, France, and Holland.

Lavender went into his lawyer's office the other day, and inquired, "Why didn't you call round as I requested in my note, which I left on your desk this morning, marked 'Private'?" The lawyer started. "I hope, for Heaven's sake, you wrote a large hand and signed your full name; for my wife was here this morning before me, and she's got the note!"

Signor Bevigiani, who is fulfilling his engagement as conductor at the Imperial Operahouse in Moscow, had the honour of directing a private concert before the Emperor of Brazil, who highly complimented Signor Bevigiani, expressing his pleasure at meeting him in Russia, and hoping to see him again, in London, next June.—*From a Correspondent*.

M^{me} Mallinger, Miss Minnie Hauck, and Herr Niemann are expected in Berlin very shortly. On her return from America, where she has been spending a part of her holidays, Miss Minnie Hauck got up a concert on board the steamer, and gave the proceeds, amounting to more than forty pounds, to a poor sick woman, a steerage passenger.

"A hundred years ago," says a Transatlantic contemporary, "when you called on a girl, she kissed you good-bye. Now, if you suggest anything of that sort, her father calls her into the library, and asks you what you are worth. Somehow, when you think of this fact, it seems as though it was making a good deal of fuss about nothing to celebrate the national Centennial."

Great consternation has been excited in St Petersburg and Moscow by a report that the physicians have forbidden M^{me} Adelina Patti to visit those capitals again. The reason is that the state of her health will not allow her to brave the rigour of the Russian climate. Whether there is any truth in the report remains to be seen. Meanwhile it has terribly "fluttered the Volscians."

When the French authorities decided to entertain Sir Salar Jung at the Grand Operahouse, they were hard put to secure a box for the distinguished guest. It is said that people were kept running for two days on this errand, and an enormous price had finally to be cashed up. By some oversight the Government, though it paid for the Operahouse, neglected to reserve boxes for State purposes.

During the recent restoration of a church occupied by advanced Ritualists, one of the workmen employed, ascending the pulpit, exclaimed, "I publish the banns of matrimony between this Church and the Church of Rome." "And I," said another workman, turning towards the first speaker, "forbid the banns." "On what ground?" inquired he of the pulpit. "'Cos the parties is too near akin," was the reply.

One of Lord Wellesley's aides-de-camp wrote a book called *An Overland Journey from India: a Personal Narrative of Travels*. Wellesley, always a purist in the use of words, objected to "personal" as employed in the title. He referred the matter to Lord Plunkett, with the inquiry, "Pray, Chief Justice, what is your definition of 'personal'?" "My Lord," was the neat reply, "we lawyers always consider personal as opposed to real."

A short time since, the Imperial Theatre of St Petersburg was very nearly falling a prey to the flames? No! To the opposite element. Some one forgot to turn off a certain tap in the wardrobe. The water kept flowing steadily all night through the unclosed orifice. It found its way to the boxes, and likewise to the stage, causing a regular inundation, so that, next morning, the scared officials at first almost imagined the Neva had got up, that is, left its bed, very early, and selected a new channel.

Speaking the other day at Ramsbottom, the Bishop of Manchester alluded to Mr Henry Irving's recent performance of Hamlet at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester. He had, he said, learnt with delight that 17,000 persons in Manchester had gone to see Mr Irving act that character, into which he had thrown new life. Whether Mr Irving's reading was the true one or not, it was not for him (Bishop Fraser) to say; but he knew Mr Irving was a great actor, and it was an ennobling thing to see Hamlet performed by him.

Said one prominent Chicago citizen to a bucolic visitor, as he saw a second prominent citizen pass, "I tell you, sir, there's one of the greatest men in the West, outside of the Penitentiary. That man came here just three years ago, and hadn't money enough to buy a California square breakfast with, and only last Tuesday he failed for 63,000 dols. I tell you, sir, if that man was Secretary of the Treasury for ninety days, he'd either resume specie-payments or bust. Don't you think so, too?" The bystander said he thought so, too.

The spectacle now running at Booth's Theatre, New York, under the title of *Sardanapalus*, is really little more than a ballet, but it is exceedingly attractive to both old and young men. A correspondent says: "You may see more white heads now every night at Booth's than there were in the Roman Senate during the best days of the Republic. Indeed, the sprightly boys of eighty and the thoroughly world-worn men of eighteen are the chief patrons."

They were very fond of each other, but they quarrelled, and were too proud to make it up. He called a few days ago at her father's house—to see the old gentleman on business, of course. She answered his ring at the door. Said he: "Ah! Miss Blank, I believe?—Is your father in?" "No, sir," she replied. "Pa is not in at present. Did you wish to see him personally?" "Yes," was his bluff response, feeling she was yielding, "on very particular personal business." And he turned proudly to go away. "I beg your pardon," she called after him, as he struck the lower step, "but who shall I say called?" He never smiled again.

A clergyman from Rockford (U.S.) called upon an old schoolmate, now connected with the management of a city gas company, and was by him shown round the company's works. When they came to the furnace department, the director said, "See that fire! How hot it is! That fire we never let go out." "Ah, indeed," said the clergyman from Rockford; "that is very prudent—quite right." "Why so?" asked the director. "Because," replied the good clergyman, with a Nathan-said-unto-David-thou-art-the-man sort of air, "It'll be such a good apprenticeship for you when you die, you know." The clergyman's gas bill last quarter is believed to have been unusually heavy.

Antiquaries are in raptures. There is a prospect that the Roman Theatre at Orange will be completely restored and used for grand musical festivals and similar performances. The theatre, even now, is in a good state. It was long called the "Grand Cirque," corrupted into the "Grand Ciré." It stands upon the slope of a hill crowned by the ruins of the palace belonging to the Princes of Orange. The ranges of seats, rising one above the other, are hewn out of the solid rock. The wall which constituted the back of the stage is still partially standing. It is ornamented with two rows of arcades and a well preserved attic story. Scattered about, there are yet numerous fragments of the columns which once adorned the amphitheatre.

La Sonnambula brought forward a *débutante* in the part of Amina. M^{lle} Ida Corani had already made a brilliant first appearance at the Crystal Palace Concerts, where she sang the *cavatina* from the very opera in which on Wednesday night she undertook the principal character. A pupil of that Milan Conservatory, from which all the successful *prime donne* of the day seem to issue, M^{lle} Corani is said to have left a very favourable impression at several of the first Italian operahouses. She has a pure soprano voice, light in calibre, but highly flexible, with a remarkably fluent and brilliant execution. Singing simple melodic phrases with much expression, she at the same time delights in all kinds of vocal difficulties, or rather in elaborate passages and adornments which would present difficulties to vocalists less richly endowed or less perfectly taught. It is not always easy to analyse a singer's talent. But it is impossible to make any mistake on the subject of a singer's success when, as in the case of the new Amina, it is borne witness to again and again by a numerous and enthusiastic audience. M^{lle} Corani was applauded at every opportunity; after the *cavatina*, the duet with Elvino in the *finale* to the second act, the *adagio* in the sleep-walking scene, and, above all, the "Ah non giunge."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Madame Christine Nilsson has just concluded, by two concerts at Copenhagen, her tour in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. Wherever she sang she was received with enthusiasm bordering upon frenzy; the ovations of the audiences at Stockholm and Christiania being transformed into ovations of the entire population. The reception with which she met in the last-named town was truly royal. A crowd, such as had not been seen since King Oscar's visit, had assembled round the station and in the adjoining streets. On leaving the train for her carriage, this great artist was greeted with endless cheers, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and throwing her flowers. It was only with difficulty that her horses could make their way through the immense multitude between the station and her hotel. After her second concert, a chorus of officers, students, and workmen gave her a serenade, which concluded with continued cries of "Long live Christine Nilsson!" The fair artist had to appear on the balcony, whence she addressed a few words of thanks to the crowd. Later in the evening, when more than 6,000 persons had gathered in front of the hotel, she again came forward, and sang several popular Swedish airs, which were received with rapturous cheers. Her last concert was to be given for the benefit of the Poor, at Wexio, near where she was born.—*Independence Belge*.

BARCELONA.—Halévy's *Charles VI.* will shortly be performed here in Italian, as will also the *Hamlet* of M. Ambroise Thomas.

CREMONA.—After the third performance here of *I Lituani*, the Town Band gave the composer, Sig. Ponchielli, a grand serenade, which was attended by an immense crowd.

SCHMALKALDEN.—The monument to Karl Wilhelm, composer of "Die Wacht am Rhein," was uncovered with all due solemnity on the anniversary of the battle of Sedan. Professor Oncken, from Giessen, delivered a spirited speech.

LEIPZIG.—Verdi's *Aida* has been produced under the direction of Herr Neumann with Herr Sucher as conductor.—Herr Raymund Härtel, senior partner in the firm of Breitkopf and Härtel, celebrated, on the 13th inst., his fiftieth anniversary as a printer.

BERLIN.—Herr von Hülsen, Intendant-General of the Theatres Royal, is said to contemplate getting up next year a grand Mozart Festival, in which all the leading singers and instrumentalists of Germany will be requested to take part, and which all the Sovereigns and lesser potentates of Fatherland will be invited to attend.

ST PETERSBURGH.—The following is a list of the Italian operatic company for the ensuing season here and in Moscow:—Sopranos and contraltos: Signore Adelina Patti, Pauline Lucca, Donadio, D'Angeri, Heilbron, Smeroschi, Mauduit, Graboca, Cristofani, Rossetti, Corsi, Cary, and Gindele. Tenors: Signori Nicolini, Masini, Marini, Corsi, Lherin, Pavani, and Sabater. Baritones: Signori Cotogni, Padilla, Mendioroz, and Strozzi. Basses: Signori Bagagiolo, Jamet, Capponi, Bossi, Ciampi, Paltrimeri, Marianini, Ragna, Fortuna, and Gernusco. Chorus-masters: Signori Lago, Corsi, and Grammiero. Conductors: Signori Goula, Bevigiani, and Donis. [Mdmé Patti is not going to Russia this year.—D. P.]

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